The Commonweal
November 5, 1948

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On the Future of Germany

Waldemar Gurian

MASS PICKETING

THE NEGRO VOTE

THE CONSERVATION PAY-OFF

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 4

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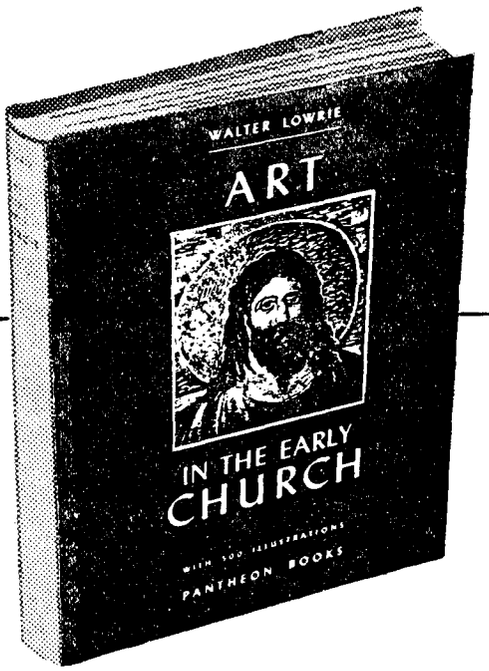

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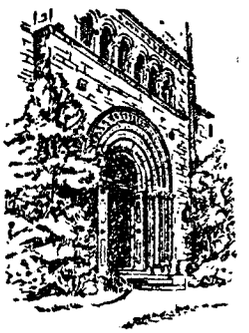

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The
COMMONWEAL

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The Conservation Pay-off

NO CANDIDATE for any office in the elections seems to be coming out strongly against natural resources. Conservationists can be pleased that an overt attack by office aspirants against soil and water, forests and animals, is now as unlikely as a campaign against American Woman and baseball. But conservationists can still regret that direct and intelligent concern for the nation's renewable resources influenced practically none but the most superficial and vaguely rhetorical sentences of the national debate.

The *Herald Tribune* Forum this year did its best to correct the public oversight by making "Our Imperiled Resources" the theme and center of its speeches and discussions. The main lesson should for certain be plain and evident by now: There are a great many people in this country and in the world now, and there will be many more during the projectable future. There will be increasing and appallingly disastrous dearth of food, shelter, clothing and nearly everything else, in this country and in the world, unless our renewable resources are utilized on a "perpetual-yield" basis.

There appears to be no one seriously contesting this conservation proposition. Entirely too few people (as candidates) consider the proposition seriously at all, either one way or the other. Among those who do take thought of the matter, there is a large area of agreement about what ought to be done, which should certainly be exploited in action. Unfortunately there is decidedly less unanimity about how conservation should be put into practice.

There is a vast problem of ownership, regulation and administration, which creates issues wonderfully geared to divide Americans. (Perhaps that is why candidates don't rush in?) But if what the conservationists say, at the Forum and everywhere, is true, then the problem is not as difficult and upsetting as much of the land-use debates make it appear. The contention is that conservation—perpetual-yield farming, forestry, grazing and all the rest—pays money. Thus, according to conservation advocates, there is no basic economic problem. The earth gives a better commodity and dollars-and-cents return almost immediately when it receives better life-preserving treatment. The problem is primarily educational. There is no impulsion except ignorance, stupidity or rare perverseness leading the controller of the land to earth-destroying misuse of resources. It doesn't matter to perpetual yield whether a farm family, a beaten tenant, a soulless corporation, or a wild cattle tycoon controls the use, because economic self-interest persuades proper protection of the land.

Is this demonstrably true? Or perhaps, are conservationists inclined to oversell their wares? In any case, as lay members of the public it appears to us that still more land education is the greatest immediate need. We must all learn how true this proposition actually is. Those who use our natural resources must all learn how the resources ought to be used now, and then handed down unimpaired to the future. And we believe that still more research and experiment is needed to teach the experts themselves not only the techniques of conservation and the intricacies of the circle of nature, but also the practical immediate and long-term economic gains and losses in the world where people have to live.

The Negro Vote

THE general opinion of wise men on how the Negro will vote is one thing, but the tallies are another. It is safe to predict that the majority of the Negro voters will mark their ballots or punch their buttons for President Truman. The reason is generally known. Mr. Truman happens to be the first President of the United States

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since Abraham Lincoln who has allowed the racial-discrimination question to twist his political neck.

The Negro press, outside the *Chicago Defender* chain, seems to be on the side of Governor Dewey, just as most of the big daily papers have come out for the New York Governor. Still, newspapers do not control their readers. Candidate Landon found that out.

This note is not a prediction on the outcome of the election, but a guess on how the American Negro will vote. For President Truman—although A. Philip Randolph will, surely, vote for Norman Thomas after scaring the daylights out of the Administration with the threat of a non-violence campaign against the draft. Mr. Randolph has been offset in his decision by the first vice-president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, Ashley Totten, a Socialist but a supporter of Mr. Truman.

Very few, if any, large Negro organizations have come out for Governor Dewey, although some of the Methodist Bishops have been faithful to their Republican memories. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is strictly "non-partisan," although it has been safer to talk Truman if one wants to influence friends at 40 West Fortieth Street. The annual meeting of the National Urban League was terribly embarrassed by a Federal employee who made a straight Truman talk. Embarrassed, mainly, because the League needs all the Republican money well-to-do donors can contribute.

The Great Mystic, Henry A. Wallace, has come up with several political ribs broken by pro-Truman people who, before the campaign (and perhaps issues?) took form, were hanging on to "liberal" organizations run by the Communists. Dr. Channing H. Tobias of the Phelps Stokes Foundation, who traveled a road that long seemed very parallel to the Moscow Highway, started the march for the doors of the Council on African Affairs, Inc.; and Max Yergan, an eleventh-and-a-half-hour wanderer away from the pink path, was thrown out shortly afterwards. But Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who is Harlem's pride and pain, will go back to office. The Communist fringe that runs a lot of Harlem organizations might couple Powell with Dewey, if Dewey promised any jobs to the left-wing.

Negroes like President Truman. He might not be the most brilliant man who ever sat in the White House, but the memories of the late Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who started more Jim Crow in Government office buildings than all his predecessors put together, caused Negroes to be a little afraid of highly educated Presidents. Negroes did not get as much as they expected to get from President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Some people have begun to feel that they were listening to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt without finding out what the President intended to do.

This does not mean that the civil rights talk indulged in by President Truman has made the life of the Negro any easier. In due time it will pay dividends, however. Right now, a lot of Negroes, including many with Ph.D.s hanging around their shoulders, do not know when they have been getting the brush-off. The Truman civil rights committee has helped them know what they have been denied.

Mass Picketing

ONE of the thorniest of all arguments about industrial relations rests on the extent of a man's right to his job. The question which came to the fore during the sit-down strikes of the 1930's is now again brought into play in protests against recent NLRB rulings against mass picketing. Witness the CIO's *Union News Service* (October 25) on the decree of Trial Examiner Irving Rogosin about the picket line at the Chicago plant of the Cory Corporation (makers of coffee brewers, electric and gas stoves, etc.):

> Unions have traditionally employed the mass-picket line as their main defense against strikebreakers. With mass picketing outlawed, strikebreakers would be virtually free to swarm into the plant. Once enough men were on the job, the employer would call for a representative election. Strikers replaced by strikebreakers would be barred from voting under T-H [Taft-Hartley Law]. The anti-union replacements would vote the union out, the strikers, denied a voice in the decision, would lose their union, their strike and their jobs. . . .

That this succession of calamities is not entirely fanciful appears to be illustrated by the outcome of a recent strike at the Pipe Machinery Company of Cleveland. The members of the Machinists' union walked out and the plant shut down. Three months later it was reopened with new workers, who applied to the National Labor Relations Board for a bargaining election. Some of the men had returned to their jobs by that time, but the majority—still out on strike—were denied the ballot. Here were some of the bases for this NLRB decision: the company had offered permanent employment to other men in the locality who were experienced in that line; it had notified the strikers that they would be replaced if they did not return to their jobs by a certain specified date; none of the disfranchised strikers had asked for his job back unconditionally.

In other words, there are occasions when mass picketing which effectively prevents ingress to and egress from a plant may perform the function of protecting a striker's access to his livelihood. The moot question remains what degree or extent of violence such a situation makes justifiable.

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Leaving that to the authorities better qualified, we turn to the weapon of peaceful mass picketing, which unions now fear to be barred by these recent NLRB rulings. Does the presence of large numbers *per se* constitute the intimidation and coercion barred by the T-H statute? In this land of give-and-take peaceful mass picketing does embody a strong appeal to fellow-workers not to cross picket lines, and to the public in general. Even cat-calling by the demonstrators can be taken in stride. The strike is not the happiest instrument for bringing about an equitable settlement between workers and management, but when all else does not avail, if it is skillfully conducted it can add up to a powerful appeal to public opinion that justice be done. The provisions of the Taft-Hartley Law which permit no other interpretation than one which deprive the workers of this essential bargaining weapon should be among those slated for the ashcan.

The Pope and Palestine

PALESTINE has been postponed. Berlin has been postponed. The argument on atomic energy has been postponed. Everything is on ice. Meantime, in the pregnant silence, the Pope has spoken. He has issued an encyclical on Palestine which is at once a masterpiece of restraint, and a great cry: if I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. The reports "which continually come in to us of the destruction and damage suffered by holy places" makes the Holy Father's grief continually more intense: no good news of any sort ever succeeds in assuaging the "pain" in his heart.

The Balfour Declaration of 1917, the first formal recognition of the Jewish right to establish a Jewish home, contained the proviso "that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." And in January, 1919, the recommendation of the Intelligence Section attached to the American Delegation to the Paris Peace Conference suggested that "The Jews be invited to return to Palestine, being assured by the Conference of all proper assistance that may be consistent with the protection of the personal (especially the religious) and the property rights of the non-Jewish population." Today, thirty-one years after the Balfour Declaration, the Pope asks for an "international character for Jerusalem and its vicinity . . . and it is also necessary to assure with international guarantees both the right of free access to the holy places scattered throughout Palestine, and the respect for customs and religious traditions."

The Holy Father is not interested in the squabble about the Negev and oil; he is not concerned with the sovereignty of Israel, nor of any other state. But, as Supreme Pontiff of the greatest international society on earth, he is clearly against Jerusalem and the Holy Places being "owned" by any nation or national group. He is speaking not only for the 330,000,000 Catholics, but for the other 200,000,000-odd Christians, and especially, now Russia is no longer Christian, for the Near Eastern Christians of the Orthodox rite. It was to obtain access to the Holy Sepulchre that the Crusades were fought, and, since they were won, Jerusalem has been the heart-city of all mankind. For most of the Jews, Jerusalem is symbolic, not sacramental. It is the judgment of Solomon all over again: let the child live, cries the Sovereign Pontiff, we do not claim it, let none claim it, so long as it lives.

The Nice, New Army

GENERAL JACOB L. DEVERS, chief of Army ground forces, had a heart-to-heart talk about the "new" Army with American War Mothers at their Pennsylvania convention last week. Tossing comforting words right and left, the General coaxed sighs of relief from the mothers by assuring them that every draftee henceforth "will be treated as a human being, never a raw recruit." Tickled pink to know that the Army had given up being beastly, the ladies sat up and envisioned the shape of things to come: the draftee will be sent to a post "as near as possible to home," no matter when or how he arrives "someone will meet him," he will have "a chance to ask questions," his uniforms will be "individually fitted," he will be interviewed by his company commander and a chaplain, both of whom will promptly write a letter to his mother; he will be told "the reason for everything he does which is new to him," the Army will see "that he writes home," sergeants will say "please," and —neither he nor his instructors will use profanity. Uh-huh.

It would be hard to say just how the mothers took all this, but as we see it, the General has started a trend toward a kind of gents finishing school. Any day now we may be hearing about the Brooks Brothers version of Sad Sack, sauntering into the day room for a spot of tea with the other chaps; and after a late-afternoon round of golf, it will be pleasant for him floating off to sleep between scented sheets, to the tones of Brahms' Lullaby.

Sporting gestures as these are, we hesitate even to think that the Army *may* go a little too far. For in New York, already 67 percent of the registrants have been rejected as physically unfit, and what with a "new" Army, there may well be more exclusive entrance requirements—say, clean fingernails, no snoring, no buck teeth. Anybody care to step up here—please?

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On the Future of Germany

Waldemar Gurian

AMERICAN POLICY on Germany has oscillated between two basic attitudes since it became clear that the Third Reich was collapsing. The first may be characterized as a punitive defensive one. It stressed the necessity of punishing the Nazis for their crimes and of making the German people perceive the consequences of accepting Hitler's rule. Some even said that a partition of Germany would be required in order to prevent a rebirth of German militarism. The Morgenthau plan demanded that Germany be deprived of heavy industries and become a pastoralized, agricultural country.

But this first attitude became more and more supplanted by another one, which is best seen in the views expressed after World War I in Keynes' famous criticism of the Treaty of Versailles. Germany is necessary for the return to normal economic conditions in Europe and the world. To destroy German industry is to kill the chances for recovery even outside of Germany. The German people will abandon aggressive policies if it receives reasonable treatment from the victors, a settlement which will give to the younger German generations goals for activity and work. To hunt for everybody who might have cooperated with the nazis more or less under pressure or by misunderstanding, is a futile, unproductive and unChristian revenge. Some supervision of Germany—in order to prevent rearmament—may be necessary, but surely not a destruction of German economic machinery, a general dismantling of German plants.

This second attitude has won out, not immediately after World War II and not yet completely, not by a sudden reversal, but gradually, step by step. Today the Morgenthau plan which at first exercised some influence despite the fact that its first formulation and publication aroused energetic and authoritative opposition, from the State Department as well as from the War Department, is either completely forgotten or mentioned only in order to point out the incompetence of the Roosevelt administration. The dismantling programs have been more and more reduced and are today on the way to being completely abandoned. Denazification and trials against war criminals are coming to an end. The German governments get more and more rights; the rights of the occupying authorities are more and more curtailed, and further drastic reductions are promised. Nobody talks about projects to disrupt German unity—the erection of a provisional German Western government has been forced upon the United States and the Western Allies by Soviet policies. These Russian policies have, on the whole, contributed a great deal to the victory of that attitude which regards Germany as necessary for European reconstruction. The Soviet Union has failed in her attempts to win over the sympathies of the German people in order to utilize for herself a program of German national unity. Her failure is now obvious, and not alone in Berlin where the population is almost actively anti-Russian. Nowhere in Germany does communistic propaganda work successfully: the Oder-Neisse line, depriving Germany of important eastern territories and imposed at Potsdam by Russia on the reluctant Allies, cannot be forgotten; the masses of expelled Germans from the East keep its memory alive. Germans coming from the Russian Zone and the residents of Berlin have the opportunity to observe the incompetence of Soviet administration and the oppressive character of a police régime. And finally the Germans feel that the West is stronger than the East as long as the United States continues to reject any appeasement of the USSR and to back up a policy of containing Russia.

It is quite obvious today that the policies of the United States favor a reconstruction of Germany. True, not all controls have been abandoned; "re-education" attempts continue — the Bavarian Government has been forced against its will to introduce free textbooks. But the general trend is quite clear and there is no thought to reverse it. Germany is more and more approaching a status where the Germans themselves will determine their policies, where the present control and rule of the occupation forces will end.

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Therefore the question may be asked: What mentality will dominate the leading German groups? What political and intellectual attitude will probably prevail in the Germany of the future—under the assumption, of course, that there will be no open war, though the present cold war may continue for a long time and make impossible a unification of the Western and the Russian zones of occupation? I think it is necessary to discuss this question even though such a dis-

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cussion can only point out some of the most likely possibilities.

What is the attitude of the Germans toward their recent past? What do they think of the Nazi régime? It would be easy to quote some sensational incidents and draw wrong, oversimplifying conclusions. It has no meaning to use as basis for generalizations such things as the applause of students in a South German city when a speaker mentions that many people in neutral countries expected that Hitler would be victorious; or the recurring desecrations of Jewish cemeteries since 1945. Even the re-election of a Nazi mayor in the South German city of Gmuend by an overwhelming majority cannot be quoted as a proof of a trend back to the good days of Hitler—many other factors have been involved in this much-discussed election. More important is the rise of such nationalistic groups as the National Democratic Party (NDP) of which a German professor has said: only two letters are missing—SA—and you have Hitler's old NSDAP.

But I think that masked or open sympathies for the Hitler régime are not a truly important feature. Important is the fact that a new political belief has not arisen after 1945, after Hitler's collapse. There is a general disappointment about the occupation and the German régime which has been established by it. Denazification has brought about results different from those expected. So many were threatened by it that a solidarity with the true nazis has been created, and the true nazis have been happy to use this refuge. It must be added that after many threats from an apparently severe legislation and a disagreeable period of waiting and uncertainty nothing very serious happened. Most nazis were reinstated. Everybody was classified only a victim of circumstances or an unimportant follower (Mitlaeufer). But the result of the denazification policies, with their threats and uncertainties, was the rise of a belief, even among those who were not nazis, that a real and thorough house-cleaning was unnecessary, even unpatriotic. Those Germans who had participated in university committees to organize a voluntary purge are today regarded almost as traitors, certainly as too subservient. Of course Hitler is most severely criticized, if he is mentioned at all. He had no success. His behavior did not correspond to standards accepted by German officers, civil servants, industrialists, though many of them admired the Fuehrer as a genius, at least in the period when his régime worked successfully. But there is a dangerous inclination to regard the national socialistic past—minus some excesses—as belonging to the national history. Or to put it another way: to regard the excesses of the nazis as more or less unessential though regrettable accessories of a period of national upswing and heroism.

Many arguments are used to justify such an attitude which is common to the most various camps, to rightist groups as well as to leftist ones. It is pointed out that many non-German régimes have committed crimes similar to the Nazi crimes. The Soviet régime is mentioned as example again and again. But it is also very popular to quote the expulsion of the Sudeten Germans, and of the Germans in the territories beyond the Oder-Neisse, etc. The counterargument is not effective—that, after all, these Germans were not as a rule loyal to the Czech governments, or that Eastern Germans were glad to play the rôle of masters and enthusiastically accepted German citizenship which gave them great privileges. The usual German reply is that there were many individuals who were not guilty—why are they punished by being forced to leave their homes without any property, under sad circumstances? Therefore it is obvious — many Germans conclude, that is—that all the moral indignation about Nazi crimes is an hypocrisy, a highly selective moral indignation. Of course these arguments are often based upon exaggerations—the Nazi concentration camps were obviously worse than the prisons in which war criminals were held and where some regrettable and unjustifiable incidents happened. And American war criminal courts, despite all imperfections, gave more chances to the accused than Hitler's Volksgerichte. There are Germans who remember that they had expected much more merciless punishment after 1945. But many of those who, after 1933, were not Nazi sympathizers, are impressed by the plight of the German refugees from the east, by the imperfections of the occupation régime, by the stories about the totalitarian terror in the Soviet Union and in the countries beyond the Iron Curtain.

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The issue is not a revival of nazism, though free elections in which all parties could participate and use propaganda means, would result in many votes cast for pro-Nazi groups. The real issue is created by the fact that a split between national tradition and the national socialistic régime has not been created and generally accepted after 1945. All the democratic parties are unpopular, they are more or less artificial creations. They realize this, and therefore they have started a competition to exploit natural feelings. They know that their leaders, with very few exceptions, are too old, that their strength is often due only to the fact that nationalistic parties were not admitted to the election or have been admitted only in the last election, as the NDP was. Nothing is so misleading as electoral statistics in

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Germany—one point excepted: they prove conclusively the weakness of the communists.

Therefore it would be wrong to rely in Germany on the display of democratic institutions. They will not prevent the rise of nationalistic policies. Nationalistic movements would sweep away easily or reduce at least considerably the representatives of the Weimar Republic and their heirs who again came into leading positions after the collapse of the Third Reich under the protection of the occupation authorities. And there is the danger that a development similar to German history in the thirties will begin. One demand to restore German sovereignty and power would follow another. Why maintain the present eastern frontiers which are regarded even by the State Department as only provisional ones? And why not reestablish German Wehrhoheit, the German right to decide alone about German armaments? Can one not hear even today some cautious voices outside Germany saying that it was an error to abolish the German army, that it is necessary to create a new German army in order to balance Russian power—as an answer to attempts made since Stalingrad by the USSR to use communistically indoctrinated German prisoners for its purposes. German nationalists are favored by the observation that the situation of Europe after 1945, without a powerful Germany, with Germany as the object of world politics, is not very attractive, to put it mildly.

There are Germans who are wise enough to realize the shortsightedness of a return to nationalistic policies, interested exclusively in the restoration of German power, step by step, using all kinds of appeals and particularly the conflict between the West and the East. But will these Germans be strong enough to resist a nationalistic tide, whose rise is understandable as a reaction against the experiences of 1945? The events after World War II have caused men to forget earlier history, even in Germany. The occupation policies were surely not conducive to increase the influence of those farlooking Germans who tried to develop a political order based upon older German federalistic traditions, traditions older than the Bismarck Reich. In Germany there is, on the one hand, a feeling of being dealt with unjustly and without comprehension—particularly by the shortsighted and incompetent allied bureaucracy—and on the other hand, a feeling of being now taken almost too seriously, of having been drafted as an ally against the communist East for purely materialistic selfish reasons. Thus there is a widespread lack of appreciation of American help, though again it must be emphasized there are many exceptions, and in general one distinguishes between individual admirable charity and the purely political motivation of American official measure. What is even more important there is a tendency to regard the occupying countries, and not exclusively the USSR, as inferior. Only by chance, by purely material weight or by the mistakes of the illiterate and erratic Hitler, surrounded by adventurers, were they able to win the war. But since 1945 it has become clear that without the German genius the world is threatened by collapse.

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Many people inside and outside of Germany believe that even if nationalism wins out in a Germany more or less liberated from the chains of occupation, such a victory would not be important; this belief exists for a very simple reason: Germany is not strong enough to become dangerous. These people point to the destruction of German cities and to the studies which prove that the German population will not increase but decline. They argue that it is likely that, despite all Russian efforts to exploit it, German nationalism will turn against the East. I am afraid that the situation is much more complicated. The German economic basis has surely not suffered such serious war destruction as the living quarters and historical buildings in German cities have. The months after the currency reform in Western Germany prove that the mood of resignation and despair can disappear overnight, and that many resources can reappear. The attitude of the Berlin population, though useful for American policy against the USSR, can change and is really an impressive symptom of a quick revival of an aggressive spirit, and this spirit will not always be directed against the USSR alone. There are also feelings of dislike against those who by their air bombardments destroyed the cities, and particularly against the French who were not victors but whose occupation armies were particularly burdensome in their demands, living from the land, etc.

It would also be very risky to predict that Germany, by joining a western federation, would necessarily become a force for peace. Nationalistic Germany may use this federation for attempts to establish its hegemony, and that would provoke the most bitter conflicts. To bank upon a lasting helplessness of Germany is a very unrealistic policy. That does not mean the necessity of abandoning the attempts made today of helping Germany to come back or to regain economic strength. But it does mean that there is still a German problem. Indeed, very patriotic Germans fear a certain German tendency to go too far, without respect for reality, to see only one point, to be unable to harmonize German interests with universal and European ones. True, there are many factors which could be quoted in order to excuse such an attitude; German ultranationalism has often been favored from abroad

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and thus has made the life of German moderate statesmen and politicians difficult and miserable. But the fact remains: If Germany comes back and German nationalism becomes again a ruling power ceasing to be only an underground emotion, vague claims about European collaboration and unity will not help.

Are there ways and means to prevent the rise of such nationalism? A return to purely negative punitive policies is out of the question. But what can be done under the present policies characterized by an attitude interested in Germany's comeback?

I think it has no meaning to give back slowly, step by step, to Germany what will be given to her anyhow. The occupation forces ought to abandon all attempts to rule Germany. Even if they must stay on for a long time on account of the Soviet danger they ought to limit themselves to a purely military function. To interfere in German educational policies is foolish, since reforms imposed from abroad cannot change the whole spirit and structure of German educational institutions. To make attempts at supervision if one does not have the personnel to supervise is pointless; increasing the occupation authorities' powers will only be useful for intensifying German nationalism. When one has embarked upon the path of trusting an economically strengthened Germany, one must go the whole way.

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A policy of trying to impress upon Germans that a nationalism policy will not work in the long run, even for Germany herself, can be attempted by a systematic facilitation of exchanges and cultural relations. But that this policy can have only a limited effect is clear. The anti-American Nazi expert, Schoenemann, spent several years in the USA on the faculty of very distinguished universities. But such a policy must be attempted, under conditions which reduce bureaucratic red tape to a minimum. Under all circumstances policies must be avoided which cannot be carried out and have to be dropped after a shorter or longer period. It would be most dangerous to exasperate German nationalism by imposing an international control of the Ruhr and thereafter attempting to undermine it because the policy served only French interests. If such a control scheme is accepted it ought to last.

A most important issue is the fate of the Germans expelled from the territories beyond the Oder-Neisse line, of the Sudeten Germans sent into the Reich, of the various German minorities in South Eastern Europe who were forced to move into Germany. These twelve millions form a most dangerous revolutionary element. For obvious reasons, they are most dissatisfied, not only with those who forced them to come or to stay in Germany, but also with the Germans themselves. They have no money, no property, and many Germans regard them simply as unwelcome guests who cannot be sent away. They are often proletarianized persons inclined to accept radical policies and leaders. Any ultra-nationalistic demagogic agitation can easily make them enthusiastic adherents. Many of them hope that a change in world politics, a war against Russia will permit them to return to their abandoned homes and places of work. Everything must be done in order to reduce the dangers resulting from the existence of these dispossessed and, understandably—most resentful masses. I think that a revision of the provisional Oder-Neisse line—which could only be reached by force or by a reversal of Russian policies in order to win favors from German nationalism (possible but not likely)—alone would not help. A revision would not mean a restoration of the old frontiers and would not solve the question: what is to be done with the Sudeten Germans, probably the most extreme nationalists, among the Germans? Their return to their old living space would create a condition which would make the situation which resulted in the Munich crisis appear harmless. I cannot see any other solution than the organization of a systematic emigration policy which would reduce substantially the number of East and Sudeten Germans living in Germany. If such an emigration on a world scale cannot be organized, the worst must be feared. Those Germans realizing that concentration upon regaining German power cannot be the aim of a truly responsible German policy will be in a hopeless position. It is therefore a most important task for the USA and other non-European powers to organize such an emigration before it is too late. Such an attempt would also help to bring a positive character in present world politics which are today too much dominated by a negative necessity: to contain the USSR. I grant that this attempt would not be easy—the difficulties of organizing the much smaller DP emigration from Germany shows that. But if this attempt is not made a catastrophe in Europe in the long run seems to me unavoidable. And it is absurd to close one's eyes until the most difficult situation which is not solved has brought about an explosion.

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Obviously the future of Germany is completely unpredictable if Germany becomes a battlefield in a new shooting war among powers. Many difficulties in Germany have been intensified by the present cold war with the USSR. But I think that the cold war is being won by the allies, and therefore the allies are in a position to use their

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victory not only for negative and shortsighted purposes, but also for attempts to establish a long-term policy. This policy would make the rise of German nationalism more difficult and would make easier the work of those Germans who realize that an attempt for a German hegemony in Europe, even a policy not realizing German responsibility for aggravating the world crisis, can be useful for no one—not for Europe, the world, nor Germany. It would be a fateful mistake to identify such attitude towards Germany with specific political forms and institutions. American democracy is a product of American history and a peace-loving German régime respecting human rights and self-government cannot be imposed from outside. All such well-meant but futile attempts must only result in making it difficult for the Germans to separate the good and bad elements and forces in their history; they create solidarities with errors of the past which make the shaping of a better future impossible.

The Flower of Love

"Where there is no love, put love and you will find love."—St. John of the Cross.

He who first plants the seed in any soil
Hitherto fallow,
And cultivates the shoot with humble toil
On steep or shallow—

He will be first to come upon the flower
Whose instant glory
Can recreate, in even this trivial hour,
The Eden story.

Blessed is he who stands upon his vow
And is insistent
That love, in this bleak here, this barren now,
Become existent.

Blessed is he who battles jest and scorn
To keep love growing
From embryo immaculately born
To blossom showing.

Primarily for him will petals part
To draw and win him.
It, when the pollen finds his opened heart,
Will bloom within him.

JESSICA POWERS.

The Charivari

ALBERT EISELE

THEY were a farm couple and had been married just a week. It was in June and in the busy growing season, and so the newlyweds had taken a honeymoon trip lasting only four days and had then come to the farm to set up housekeeping and look after the field work. This was the third day in their new home—it had been a sultry day, with the sun setting behind thin hazes that were touched here and there by the glint of evening birds on the wing.

Supper over, the newlyweds sought the two white-painted wooden chairs that were out on the lawn near the house.

"The charivaries may come tonight," said Willie, as he brushed a June bug out of his hair.

"You think they will?" asked Jane.

"Yes. They're about due, anyway. Usually they charivari you the first week or so. Sometimes you have to wait a little longer, but around here everybody gets charivaried sooner or later. It's an old neighborhood custom."

Jane looked at her husband, who sat with his profile to her. It was a strong profile, and there was a chin to it, too. Willie was a good man—sober, industrious, sensible; but Jane knew what people were saying—that Willie was a second-choice, a second-best, a consolation prize. All of which was pretty much the truth. Jane had wanted David Bradford, there was no use denying that. But David had married Esther Britton; and Jane was thirty, and the years went by so quickly, it seemed. Willie in the meantime had been waiting patiently, and that was how it was. When you couldn't gain the high happiness that you wanted, then you had to take what you could get. In this world you just had to make the best of things.

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" she asked.

"Same as today—plow corn. Maybe by tomorrow evening I'll have finished with the second plowing. I'd go out and plow tonight, except that—well, I thought that maybe the charivariers would come. I wouldn't want them to come and find me down in the field plowing corn."

"There wouldn't be anything wrong about that, would there? When you have lights on your tractor you can surely plow corn at night if you want to."

"It isn't that, but it's that I'd like to be here so I could enjoy seeing them come. That's always quite a thrill, I imagine. Every young married couple is entitled to a charivari, you know."

"Charivaris are nice, but I wouldn't say that they are too important," said Jane. But she knew that she didn't mean that. She wanted one and she knew that if she didn't get it she'd never feel right about it. They were usually inelegant affairs, but any charivari was better than none. It was when you were entirely ignored that you felt the hurt. If Jane couldn't have the husband she wanted, maybe she at least could have a full-

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fledged charivari.

The twilight deepened and the mosquitoes came—big fuzzy mosquitoes that landed noisily and clumsily on the face or ear, as though they were just learning to fly. Willie and Jane went indoors; at ten Jane set about making coffee and sandwiches before going to bed. The charivariers wouldn't come tonight—she had put them out of her mind. But when she was in the kitchen, putting on the teakettle, the yard outside suddenly filled up with cars, with headlights streaming and horns honking.

"They're here!" cried Jane, running to the doorway that led to the sitting room. Outside she could hear her geese squawking in alarm.

"They're awfully late," said Willie. "This is no hour for charivariing. Let's not go to the door—let 'em make some music first!"

Someone came to the front door and knocked, then went around to the back door and knocked there. Willie and Jane could hear talking and laughing outside, and also the jangle and rattle of noise-making implements that were being removed from cars and brought inside the houseyard. "So you won't come out, eh?" shouted a voice; "all right then, boys, let her go!" An infernal racket erupted, a racket created by cowbells, disk wheels, plowshares, car horns, shotguns, and the minor rattlings and bangings of miscellaneous charivariing paraphernalia.

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Willie and Jane stood behind the closed door, listening to the noise and smiling at each other, then Willie said, "I guess that'll do for the first round. We'll show ourselves now." He opened the door wide, and paused in the doorway with Jane. The serenade died away.

One of the men took a step forward from the crowd. "They made me captain," he began apologetically; "we came up here tonight, and seeing how you got married we think we got the treats coming!"

"Oh, it's Fred!" said Willie, recognizing the speaker.

"Yes," said the spokesman warmly. "The others are all home boys, too. No strangers. We guess we ought to have fifteen dollars, anyway."

"We got twenty from Virgil," said someone in the crowd, in a grumbling undertone.

"We'll treat you right," said Willie to the spokesman. "Step inside a minute, please."

The spokesman stepped into the kitchen and Willie got out his pocketbook. "Is fifteen dollars enough?" he asked. "By the way, I heard one of your men say you got twenty from Virgil. I suppose that's Virgil Wilke. When did you charivari him? I hadn't heard about it. Must have been just lately?"

"Yes, it was," said Fred the spokesman. There was an uncomfortable silence, then Fred said, "As a matter of fact, we charivaried Virgil tonight. Earlier this evening. We just came from there."

"You just came from there?" echoed Willie. "That's why you come at all hours of the night!"

"Uh huh," said Fred.

Jane spoke: "You're just charivariing us on the way home, then? I mean, you're just stopping off from the other charivari?"

"Well, you see how it is," said Fred, shifting from one foot to the other, "we charivaried Virgil, and then some of the boys said why not charivari Willie and Jane on the way back—sort of get two birds with one stone, you see. I said no, that we'd give you two some other evening, and make another night out of it, but they talked me out of it, and so we stopped here. It's not my idea, I want you to know that."

Jane turned swiftly, and, leaving the two men in the kitchen, she went to her bedroom, closed the door, threw herself on the bed and began to cry. First a second-hand husband, and now a second-hand charivari!

She had lain there for some minutes, and had stopped crying, when Willie came into the room. "Jane," he said, "come out with me to the door—the men are ready to go, but first they want to congratulate the bride!"

"I won't go!" cried Jane. "Why should I? It's just a second-hand charivari, just a stopping-off on their way home! Tell them to go away, why don't you? I won't show myself!"

"Oh, but you must! I know that this isn't just exactly according to Hoyle, but honey, are we so all-fired important that we should expect everything done up formally, with claw-hammer coats and silk hats? Shucks, no!"

"I won't go to the door! Tell them to go home! Don't give them one penny!"

"But I've already given them their fifteen dollars! If we'd send them away tonight with nothing, they'd never come back! We've got to see this thing through, you see! We've got to leave a good taste in the mouth! In everybody's mouth. And that's why you've got to come to the door, Jane."

"I don't know what to do!" said Jane in distress. "Oh, I don't know!"

"Come on. Here, dry your tears on this, and powder your face a little. Hang on to me now, and we'll go."

They went to the door.

"Hey, you fellows!" said the spokesman sharply, as he turned to the men behind him, "here they are—come up and congratulate 'em!" The men complied, tucking implements under their left arms and filing up, their right arms free. There was a long round of hand-shaking and well-wishing, then the men went to their cars and drove away. Over by the barn the huddled geese were still uneasy and in gabbling complaint, and against the screens of the house the blundering June bugs continued to ping, like stray hailstones.

"Willie," Jane began, and she clung to his arm. The glow of the felicitations from the crowd was still upon her, and there was also the glow that came from the realization that Willie had been right in insisting that she come to the door with him for a final appearance. Yes, Willie had handled the situation just right—Willie was humble, and it was out of this humility that he had acted so wisely. She realized, further, that one

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didn't always find such a humility and such a wisdom in a man, not even in a man that one thought one just had to have for a husband.

She wanted to tell him now that she wouldn't trade charivaris with any woman in the world. But she thought that she would put it a little differently, and so she said: "Willie, about our charivari being a second-hand affair—I shouldn't have said that. I'm sorry."

AS OTHERS SEE IT

Catholic Labor Schools

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November features an article by Jules Weinberg, "Priests, Workers and Communists" (what happened in a New York Transit Workers Union), which includes the following account of Catholic labor schools:

> Xavier Labor School is but one of a system of schools across the country. They have been established in every industrial city in the nation: one hundred permanent schools, twenty-four directed by the Jesuits, thirty-two by diocesan authorities, and the rest sponsored by Catholic fraternal organizations, colleges, and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.
>
> Most of the schools came into existence between 1936 and 1944, the era of the Wagner Act and industrial organization by the CIO. And each year 7,500 men and women . . . are graduated into the ranks of labor.
>
> The Catholic labor philosophy . . . had ordered priests to "go to the workers." Papal Encyclicals, promulgated by Leo XIII and Pius XI, had outlined a program which the clergy was to bring to workingmen, and the Pope had instructed each bishop to set aside a number of his priests for this particular purpose. In response, a host of the United States' 41,000 priests had taken up the cause of organized labor. The ranks of labor priests, as they were called by newspapers, included Cardinals Mooney, Stritch, and Mundelein; Bishops Sheil and Haas; Monsignors John A. Ryan and Ligutti; Fathers Boland, Monaghan, Masse, Corridan, Clancy, Higgins, Shortell, Smith and Hammond—to select at random a few names from a long list. . . .
>
> Westcott and Brooks, along with ten other men from the New York Omnibus Company, entered Xavier in a class of 350 men and women, representing every kind of background and experience. Longshoremen, teamsters, and wire-lathers sat beside lawyers, artists, and postal clerks. But more than eighty percent of these students earned less than $2,000 a year. . . .
>
> The labor movement itself had lagged far behind in the business of training leaders among its rank and file. With some notable exceptions in the garment and auto trades, worker education was practically non-existent. A complete course at Xavier offered . . . training in labor law, trade union methods (organizing techniques, contract negotiation, and handling of grievances), parliamentary procedure, economics, public speaking, labor history and labor ethics. The insistence on practicality was almost fanatical; each year at Xavier a group of alumni, called the Seniors, meets to discuss the curriculum and keep it fresh, up to date, and utilitarian . . .

Russian Church Architecture

FATHER JEROME GASSNER, O.S.B., in the September 5 issue of *Orate Fratres* (Collegeville, Minn.) writes at some length about the Eastern Liturgy. Here are a few informative excerpts:

> At first glance the architecture of a Russian cathedral appears fantastic and its interior confusing. To those educated in Western classic arts with their well-balanced technical refinements, Eastern art, although not lacking a certain charm because of the contrast, offends: . . . for the simple reason that it neglects proportions, harmony, anatomy and perspective. However rich the material, however magnificent the ornamental details, the works of Eastern art, the icons for instance, leave the impression of multiplied copies of one rigid primitive scheme, endless repetitions of petrified patterns of ancient Byzantine origin. . . .
>
> The Heavenly Liturgy has inspired the domes, the colors, the icons, the iconostasis, the whole complex of architecture, sculpture, and paintings of a cathedral as a composite, as one . . . work of art.
>
> The domes are symbols of heaven. Standing in the center beneath such a cupola, one cannot escape the feeling of untried breadth and vastness, of ethereal lightness, of being carried upwards, free from the law of gravity.
>
> The gold of the cupolas, of the walls, the golden background of the mosaics and icons, as it were the celestial atmosphere, the light of the heavenly Jerusalem, where there is no moon, no sun, no stars, because the Lamb itself illuminates the city of the blessed. Surrounded by the light of glory, vested in the rays of heaven, the saints step forward in grave, unearthly solemnity. . . .
>
> The archaic figures, the rigid lines, the motionless face of the saints of the icons are, to a certain degree, intended. . . . It is an attempt to express the transcendental state of glory. The stiff gestures reflect the ecstatic rapture; the big, wide-open eyes mirror the wondering and admiration as the doors of paradise are open to them. . . .
>
> Each single icon, all representations show figures and objects in the state of transfiguration: the flowers and animals surrounding the saints and filling in the background of the historical pictures, the entire visible creation is clothed in the beauty of paradise. Mountains and trees, birds and blossoms are seen in an ethereal state; heaven and earth are glorified. It is the new heaven and the new earth which is encircled by the glory of the King of the universe.
>
> The historical events of cross and resurrection are elevated into the sphere of universal value, reaching in their causality through the ages into the eternity of the heavenly Jerusalem pictured in the background. Christ Himself is represented in higher dimensions as the heavenly Highpriest, as King of the universe, gathering around Him the angels and saints of the celestial hierarchy. . . .

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

"New Martyrdom" of Greek Clergy

New York, 10/21 (CIP)—Ninety-nine case histories describing the execution of Greek Orthodox priests by torture, beatings, and crucifixions were contained in a document released a short time ago by the Greek Government. The document reveals the extent of the persecutions borne by the Greek Orthodox clergy during the occupation of Greece by the Nazis, Bulgarians, and Italian Fascists, and which is now in progress.

It has been established that 235 priests were executed during the period of 1941-1945. The Nazis were responsible for 16 percent of these deaths, the Italian Fascists for 4 percent, the Bulgarians for 36 percent, and the Communists, in cooperation with the Yugoslavs, for 44 percent. It has also been determined that 322 priests were physically maltreated during this period, nine by the Nazis, two by the Italian Fascists, 290 by the Bulgarians, and 21 by the Communists. The number of executions attributable to Communist and Yugoslav partisan groups continue to grow, the document states.

The crucifixion of Father George Skrekas, former pastor in the village of Ricalla, who has been popularly acclaimed a national hero, is an illustration of the executions described in the 99 case histories. In an attempt to obtain money from Father Skrekas, his family and relatives, Communists of the EAM had beaten him in his own home, led him through the streets of several villages, finally imprisoning him at Neraidochorion. There he was tortured from March 29 until Good Friday (April 4). On Good Friday, according to plan, he was crucified on the crossed branches of a fir tree. His body, later thrown naked into a ditch, was concealed with stones and branches, and found after the city had been retaken from the Communists. A short time before his imprisonment, Father Skrekas had said to a parish priest from the village of Gorgogirion: "God knows what is to become of me. If through martyrdom He calls me to Him, Blessed be His Name . . . His Will be done."

Several other priests were crucified, the document indicates, while many priests were stabbed or shot to death after undergoing beatings and various forms of bodily torture. Few priests received simple execution.

Most priests arrested and put to death during the occupation, and those who are now being purged, have been accused of being guilty of the crime of "Nationalism," or support of the Greek Government now in power. The northern provinces of Macedonia and Thrace have been the scene of most of these persecutions. More than one-quarter of the clergy of these provinces, where Greece was first invaded, and which are now the battleground of the EAM forces in their attempt to establish a Communist regime in Greece, have been tortured or executed. In explaining this eight-year-old persecution of the Greek Orthodox clergy, which ministers to more than 95 percent of the population, the Greek Government points out that "the Greek Church and Clergy have always been the inspirer and leader of the Greek people in every struggle for Religion, Country, and Freedom."

Catholic Students Defend Tolerance in Africa

Capetown, 10/13 (CIP)—The race relations problem in the Union of South Africa, with its Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, and mixed groups, has come to the surface in the colleges in a controversy over the race policies of the National Union of South African Students. The NUSAS, which includes both Catholic and non-Catholic college student organizations, has been welcoming the participation of "non-European" (Indian and Negro) delegates in conference discussions.

Following the carrying-out of its non-discriminatory policies, the NUSAS was accused of being controlled by communists and atheists. The National Catholic Federation of Students, a member of the National Union, came to the Union's defense. Noting "the magnificent contribution made by NUSAS non-European delegates to all the work of NUSAS," the Catholic Federation termed "just and reasonable" attempts to include "a wide range of non-European students" while coping with "the practical exigencies of the local color-bar." In reply to allegations that NUSAS contains "undesirable elements," the Catholic Federation declared "it seems to us that South African students are strong enough to overcome any such elements, nor can any progress be made in that direction by abandoning principles of justice and equity."

Racial Discrimination Lessened in Nyassaland

Rome, 10/9 (CIP)—An important step has been made toward the breaking down of the strong racial discrimination which exists in Limbe, Nyassaland, a British African Protectorate, where Fides Service reports that five Indian children have been accepted in the Catholic Boarding and Day School for Europeans, which previously admitted only children of European parentage.

Before this decision was made by French-born Bishop Louis Auneau, Vicar Apostolic of Shire, Catholic Indian children either had to return to India for a Catholic education, or to attend a local government school which offered no religion courses, because a separate school for Indian children was financially impossible.

Many European parents objected to the decision, threatened to withdraw their children from the school, and complained to education and government officials. Nevertheless, only one child has been withdrawn, while the Government's Director of Education, who sends his own children to the school, defends the position taken by Bishop Auneau and the Sisters (Daughters of Wisdom) who instruct.

Increase in Australian Religious Groups

Melbourne, 10/18 (CIP)—Religious denominations in Australia have increased in strength according to statistics recently released by the Government. The present size and percentage of increase since 1933 for religious affiliations is as follows:

Anglicans: 729,902, an increase of 16.6 percent.
Catholics: 416,873, an increase of 21.8 percent.
Presbyterians: 288,383, an increase of 4.2 percent.
Methodists: 234,595, an increase of 21.5 percent.

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The Stage & Screen

Love Life

THE movers behind this musical show—producer Cheryl Crawford, lyricist Alan Jay Lerner, and composer Kurt Weill—have named it A Vaudeville, and I must admit that I sympathize completely with what I imagine to be their intention. It would seem to me that these three have wished seriously to musick a serious theme and in order to do so they have arranged a double scheme of entertainment: a *comment* by way of the traditional pattern of vaudeville acts so as to supplement a realistic and quite timely *plot*. For once it would appear that there is method in the money in a Broadway show. It is as though the large (the only possible) paying public were being wooed and wangled, crooned and steeped—most of all, shocked and surprised into some kind of thought. Hurrah, hurrah. It is true I can't say I think the method wholly works—mainly I don't think it has been wholly explored—but I do think it makes for a really bright, aware, lickety-split evening.

The theme under way (weigh?) these fall nights on 46th street is the institution of marriage and American marriage in particular. And necessarily this does not make up into a juvenile. We catch a first glimpse of Sam and Susan Cooper, our protagonists, artfully levitated by the show's Magician into a condition of retrospect; and from here, a long hark-back gives us these two progressing from the handmade family life of revolutionary days through the factory days, through the days of suffragism, through the teeming twenties, up to the radio present. And finally, we take leave of them tottering on either ends of an actual tightrope which might as well, I suppose, be called tomorrow. Interspersed with all this, I must add, there is a good bit of song-and-dance and some of the smartest, wittiest lyrics I have heard in seasons. Eight Men do a fine job with a fine song called "Progress"; three of the most frightening Children I have ever seen, in wonderful Boris Aronson costumes, render a number named "Mother's Getting Nervous," while a Trapeze Artist swings her stuff; and a Quartette stops the show with a fancy deal called "Economics," where Mr. Lerner's versifying really tells. Earlier, a production number—"Green-Up Time"—marks Kurt Weill again as a master of melody and an honestly great theater composer. In all, I should say my only quibble will be that when their characters necessarily start skidding—when their theme assumes dark present-day proportions—the authors' Vaudeville gives out. Aside from an hilarious Minstrel Show arrangement, the whole second section of the piece has got neither comment nor relief at all. I do openly confess that I am no expert on the doings of the old Palace, but surely some sort of Juggler could have been wisely inserted in this second half, both as comment and fun. And what about the toppling bicycle people? and that dancer who used to skate on the floor as thought it were the thinnest of ice? And all along, there isn't one single animal! However, there are excellent actors (I refuse to name this group of dancers and singers by any other name), and the enchanting work of Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton in the leads, together with a small Boy called Johnny Stewart, plus all of the cast of some thirty-odd people, is going to convince you that you are at an adult and smart musical. I can honestly think of no greater American compliment than that. The musical is our theater field and it's nice to watch us consciously regaining it, with a sidestep towards Brecht, a fair glance at history, an enormous amount of talent, and a good square look at the year 1948. (*at the Forty-sixth Street*)

Charley's Aunt

I HAD better concede at once that the nostalgic groans greeting this George Abbott version of the Brandon Thomas oldie are not critically possible to me. I'd never seen the thing before, but even if I had, I don't think I could conscientiously report that it is more or less than a delightfully silly show. All of the actors (notably Paul England and Horace Cooper) are neat; the singers are excellent; the girls are astonishingly pretty, the Balanchine dances are both inherent and inspired, the David FFolkes costumes and sets are delicious, and the Frank ("Spring Will Be . . .") Loesser music has a fine quality of adjusted corn. Plus Ray Bolger. I don't think there is any question in anyone's mind that every citizen owes it to himself and his dependents to catch a glimpse of Mr. Bolger in his real, round, soft shoe. One might as well choose the best, even in an election year. I'm only sorry that the double-quick Mr. Abbott could not actually have seen double in this instance, hired an extra to relieve some of Mr. Bolger's chase, and thereby allowed him to dance a little more. And a little more. And a little more. However, what is most of all important will be to note whether a breathless and beam audience-reaction is going to be able to save a show. I wish it may. I should say, here's an honest chance to talk *after* your tickets, and that should constitute, certainly, a new Broadway deal. (*at the St. James*)

The Leading Lady

SINCE she plays it herself, it will seem unreasonably tasteless to accuse Ruth Gordon of miscasting the female lead in her present play; but indeed this is what she has done and I'm afraid it comes perilously close to being a fiasco. There seems so awfully little point in America's most interesting character-comedienne conjuring up an unsuitable and rather dull part for herself, I am at a loss to understand it. What Miss Gordon has done is to create a kind of Trilby character, but a Trilby without any of the endearing and urchin ramifications. She gives us a leading lady of the turn of the century, who has once been a chambermaid, but who has been saved (or damned, if you will), by the careful coaching

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of a matinée idol. Subsequently, she is married by this arch-villain and thereafter her doom is to become not only a good actress, but also to be haunted into poverty and failure after his death, because she believes him responsible for whatever success she has had. Most of the scenes of the piece take place in the theatrical boarding house into which this leading lady has turned her once lavish home, and these events are peopled by as trite a number of old-time players and playeresses, critics, lovers, and affectionate domestics as have graced any recent Literary Guild selection. As is to be expected, the production is sumptuous, but the trouble is, not even the Mainbocher trappings, nor the Oenslager set, can fit Miss Gordon gracefully into the stereotype she has written. As a matter of fact, the thing is crammed with a number of our best actors playing down to their situation. Historic Ethel Griffies is given nothing but a series of easy laughs; the wonderful Wm. J. Kelly is equally constrained; and to see Wesley Addy forced to powder his hair and assume an age which has nothing to do with character, is an unsightly business. I mark this down *to be forgotten,* with the earnest hope that the author will immediately retaliate with a scheme enlarged to her exact size and inimitable possibilities. (*at the National*) KAPPO PHELAN

"No Children Admitted"

DO YOU remember back in the old days when that notice was sometimes hung outside of our movie houses? It meant that the picture being shown was not suitable for the kiddies. We don't see the sign any more, but we do see films to which it applies. There are a couple now on our screens which, with just a little fixing, could have and should have been made acceptable for children. In fact they would have been a natural.

"The Black Arrow," stemming from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, tells, as you know, a tale of fifteenth-century intrigue. But the film based on this swashbuckling post-war-of-Roses story has been designed for adults; and while its vicious conniving, bloody duels and unethical motivations may provide an outlet for thrill-hungry grown-ups, it has little for the tots who would have delighted in its handsome costumes, excited horsemanship and competition between the stalwart heroes and villains. Louis Hayward, Janet Blair, George MacReady and Edgar Buchanan and a good supporting cast swash a mean buckle, but too mean for children who do not belong to the High-Wind-in-Jamaica school.

What has been done to *"The Three Musketeers,"* in its new movie version, shouldn't happen to anyone's favorite adventure story. I'm not sure that this Dumas novel was ever good fare for youngsters, but I am sure that this movie, with its undisguised attempts at putting over a smutty joke every now and then, is not. This is too bad, for the film has used lush Technicolor and an expensive cast to visualize several of the Dumas themes; and Gene Kelly as D'Artagnan plays the lead with a bouncy enthusiasm that might win both young and not-so-young audiences. Producer Pandro Berman and Director George Sidney are more to blame than Scriptwriter Robert Ardrey for the fleshy, almost slapstick period piece that this good story has become. The three musketeers themselves, played by Van Heflin, Gig Young and Robert Coote, carry on like a burlesque of the characters that Dumas had in mind. June Allyson as the lovely Constance is still the lovely collegiate from "Good News," and Lana Turner as the wicked Lady de Winter is just beautiful blond Lana walking through the role in a series of very handsome costumes. Perhaps the biggest surprise about this version of the "Musketeers," which is loaded with fun, excitement and pratfalls, is that this romantic comedy sends both of its pretty girls to an unhappy end. Dumas did that of course, but Dumas wasn't writing comedy.

Adults who want something strictly adult can consider two recent arrivals on our screens that are particularly successful in looking at the post-war scene. *"Kiss the Blood Off My Hands,"* an exceptionally well made Hollywood production, shows with grim determination what happens to a young man in England who cannot adjust himself to society. He falls in love with a girl although he realizes he is no good for her; and soon the two of them are involved in his steps-going-down. Leonardo Bercovici has written an excellent screenplay from Gerald Butler's tough novel, and Norman Foster has directed it with uncompromising realism in moving cinema. While you disapprove of what these two people are doing, you understand them and feel for them as they run faster and faster from their own seemingly hopeless situation. Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine and Robert Newton (as the evil bully who takes advantage of their situation) in the lead roles help to make this picture, which cannot exactly be classed as entertainment, an extraordinarily fine study of humanity in error.

The Italians have also made another disturbing portrait of war's aftermath. While *"Tragic Hunt"* is not as outstanding as "Shoe-Shine" in compassionate appeal, it is still a very moving visualization of the ruin left by war. Its plot, which concentrates on several bandits who kidnap a young bride and use her as a hostage while they attempt to make their get-away, has been expertly directed by Giuseppe De Santis, who uses cinema effectively to convey sordid themes. At times he oversteps the bounds of good taste, but there is no doubt left in your mind of the immorality that follows a war when conditions drive a weakened people to despair. Actually this is an exciting chase film: the groom and his friends pursuing the villainous bandits. But it is also much more than that, particularly through its scenes of cooperative farming, its portrayal of at least one group of people who are determined to overcome hopelessness in a war-torn country, and the victory of good over evil. "Tragic Hunt" is obviously not for the squeamish, but it is as effective an anti-war film as if it showed actual battle scenes. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books

The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti. G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan. Harcourt. $6.

THIS "study of the impact of the Sacco-Vanzetti case upon American law, society and literature," written in the spirit of scientific inquiry by an authority on the law of evidence and a student of literature and society, is a book of lasting value and notable timeliness. As Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., one of the country's leading social historians, points out in an introduction, the Sacco-Vanzetti case had repercussions without parallel in Massachusetts since the days of Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, and the Salem witch trials; in the nation since the Haymarket bombing case of the 1880's; and in the world at large since the Dreyfus affair in France. Twenty-one years after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, it is possible to examine the whole question with some historical perspective; it is also extremely useful to have a study of the impact of the post-war Red scare of the 1920's in the midst of the post-war Red scare of the 1940's.

Despite the passage of time the controversy associated with the names of Sacco and Vanzetti has not died. Professor Joughin's proposal of a study of the literature based upon the case, in order to throw light upon the way in which verse, drama, and fiction emerge from periods of social stress, played an important part in the 1944-6 battle over academic freedom between President Homer T. Rainey and the regents of the University of Texas. In 1947 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts refused the offer of a group of distinguished Americans to erect Gutzon Borglum's memorial plaque to Sacco and Vanzetti on Boston Common, on the grounds that public opinion in the state was still too divided on the question. And despite its scientific spirit and its general objectivity, this book will doubtless arouse still further controversy.

After launching his literary study of the case, Professor Joughin, now of the New School for Social Research, became convinced that the underlying social history would also have to be studied, and then in turn that the legal issues would have to be examined. He thereupon joined forces with Professor Morgan of the Harvard Law School, one of the nation's foremost authorities on the law of evidence. Their collaboration has been fruitful, bringing together as it does two branches of learning usually considered remote from each other, and thus avoiding the dangers of too specialized an approach. Professor Schlesinger justly hails it as a significant contribution to the method of co-operative scholarship.

Professor Morgan is the author of the first or legal part of the book, with the exception of an introductory chapter which is merely a factual account of what happened. He carefully examines the enormous legal record, including the six-year effort to obtain a retrial or executive clemency. His exposition is a lively masterpiece of legal writing for the layman. He concludes that Sacco and Vanzetti were "the victims of a tragic miscarriage of justice" and that the fault lay partly with them and their counsel, but chiefly with the prejudiced trial judge, who also ruled upon all the legal appeals, including that upon the question of his own prejudice. Professor Morgan's verdict is that the men had "a trial according to all the forms of law, but it was not a fair trial." Consequently he considers that the case continues to be one of vital legal significance: "This is its legacy to the law: it has revealed defects in our system of administering criminal justice, defects inherent in trial by jury and in the overemphasis upon the adversary features of our processes of litigation." The validity of these conclusions is borne out by the 1939 reform of Massachusetts appellate procedure, as a result of the legal controversy aroused by the case, and by the continued interest in it of some of the most notable legal minds in the country.

In the second part of the book Professor Joughin gives the social history of the case, reaching the conclusion that "the legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti to society lies in the emphasis which their fate gave to the continuing warfare between the forces of democratic and undemocratic action." In the third part he examines the literature of the case both as social criticism and as art, devoting attention to the writing of Sacco and Vanzetti themselves, as well as to Upton Sinclair's *Boston,* John Dos Passos' *U. S. A.,* and Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset,* and the host of minor works dealing with the case. Though his social judgments are sometimes partisan and his literary ones inept, he covers his share of the ground as thoroughly, if not as convincingly as Professor Morgan. Summing up—and it is indicated that his conclusions are approved by Professor Morgan—Professor Joughin weighs the facts that Sacco and Vanzetti were carrying guns when arrested and that they were found guilty by a jury against the demonstrated failure of the legal system in their case, the hysterical sickness of society at the time, the high quality of those who rallied to the defense, the overwhelmingly favorable literary verdict, and the characters of the accused. He concludes that they should not have been executed, since the greater weight of proof was in their favor.

The final answer of both authors to the question of whether or not Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty is: "We do not know—and we do not believe that human judgment will ever be in a position to arrive at absolute certainty in this case. . . . In the Sacco-Vanzetti affair American justice was tragically inept. And since justice failed we consider it inevitable that both literary tradition and historical judgment will continue to support the presumption that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime for which they were executed." Professor Morgan has supplied a definitive demonstration that "justice was inept." Professor Joughin, adopting a more partisan attitude, has not demonstrated the literary and historical parts of the thesis as judicially and as convincingly, though he has produced a suggestive study of mass hysteria, social conflict, and artistic reactions.

This book will be an essential tool for anyone who wants to study the Sacco-Vanzetti case since it is admirably organized, minutely thorough, and equipped with full scholarly apparatus. And every American who values the traditions of this country should be grateful that this study was conceived and carried through at a time when, as in 1920, it is widely felt that modern civilization is "approaching a point of violent transition in which existing social patterns, and even human lives, might be fearfully threatened." At such a time we need to be reminded of the dangers of emotionalism based, as the

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opinion hostile to Sacco and Vanzetti was, upon "a mixture of wilful blindness to the facts, a dislike of a difficult problem, and a very genuine fear that the granting of mercy would be yielding ground to an unscrupulous enemy." It would be tragic if our culture should once more lash out blindly and unreasoningly at an enemy, and in so doing wound itself more deeply than the enemy. May no future Vanzetti be able to say to the judge condemning him to death:

> I would not wish to a dog or a snake, to the most low or misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things I am not guilty of. But my conviction is that I have suffered for things that I am guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian, and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and my beloved than myself; but I am so convinced to be right that if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times, I would live again to do what I have done already.

MASON WADE.

Family Circle. Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton. $3.50

FOR readers who are old enough to remember Otis Skinner, the first third of his daughter's book is a pleasant memoir of one of the last of the matinee idols, those happy heroes of polite romances, who stalked the American stage between 1880 and 1920. For readers along Philadelphia's Main Line, the rest of the book should be pure titillation, compounded as it is of comfortable social respectability and cute personal idiosyncrasies. Personally I have had enough of Miss Skinner's reminiscences of the latter sort and found the reward in this volume in the sad, sweet portrait of Ada Rehan, and in the account of Otis Skinner's early training as an actor in the days before New York monopolized the nation's stage and the Road meant not only ordeal by repertory but the discovery of a broad, rich land.

FLORENCE CODMAN.

Our Unknown Ex-President. Eugene Lyons. Doubleday. $2.95.

MR. LYONS' biography of Herbert Hoover has already been rather thoroughly reviewed. No doubt unfavorable reviews can be found, but without making any particular search and depending solely upon my general reading, I have yet to find a review critical either of Mr. Lyons or Mr. Hoover. Considering the average American's opinion of Mr. Hoover fifteen to twenty years ago, this is remarkable. The crash of 1929, the great depression, the closing of the banks, the building of the "Hoovervilles" and all the bad things one associates with reaction and hidebound conservatism were laid at his door. To the working classes in particular he seemed to be an enemy, the friend of big business and entrenched wealth. These false ideas were sedulously and even viciously inculcated in the minds of Americans by Mr. Hoover's political opponents. Many presidents have suffered from calumny, but it is difficult to think of any one of them, with the possible exception of Andrew Johnson, whose character, personality and intelligence were so carefully undermined for the public by highly skilled and highly paid press agents.

Graduating from the university two years after the crash of 1929 into what seemed to be a jobless world, I shared the common opinion of Mr. Hoover. This feeling was reinforced because, as a Catholic, I had absorbed some of the bitterness aroused by the Al Smith defeat which at the time, with many others, I attributed to his religion. Then in 1932 I sailed for Europe on a fellowship paid for by a Foundation supported by the funds left over from Mr. Hoover's relief activities in Belgium. For the first time in my life I met people who had known Mr. Hoover. The lady in Belgium who handled fellowship affairs was his former secretary; the heads of the foundation in New York and in Brussels were former co-workers under Mr. Hoover. These people were not scoundrels. Some were well off financially, but were not blatant about it. They were universally men and women of intelligence, character and understanding. They had nothing in common with the picture I had formed in my mind of the "economic royalists." Mme. Swaelus-Godenne, Mr. Hoover's former secretary, was completely bewildered at the American concept of Mr. Hoover as a hard-headed and hard-hearted engineer, a mere technician. She had found him a man of great understanding, an idealist with a large fund of human sympathy. In 1933 and 1934 I found the prestige of Mr. Hoover in Belgium still enormous. The fact that I was a fellow of the foundation associated with his work in Belgium opened all doors to me and facilitated my studies.

All in all I found it impossible to hold my old prejudices. Mr. Lyons mentions at various times the remarkable organization which Mr. Hoover, without effort and completely without formality, has maintained through the years. I noticed in Belgium how Mr. Hoover's friends remained his "men" through the years, ready to take up at any moment any task he might request.

At this date I do not believe it necessary to go over once more the old calumnies and misrepresentations. An ovation was given Herbert Hoover at the Republican Convention by the very party which not so many years ago had practically repudiated him. His speech, too, stood out among the mass of verbiage poured from both conventions. Many Americans have forgotten that the old-line Republicans, in particular Mr. Grundy, had opposed the Hoover nomination to the presidency because he was looked upon as a foe of big business, as a dangerous liberal, in fact.

Perhaps one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Lyons's book deals with Mr. Hoover's efforts to head off the depression. These efforts have been carefully concealed from the American public by his political enemies. Almost alone in his party, he foresaw the crash of 1929 and tried to take vigorous action. All this had to be done with the greatest secrecy for Mr. Hoover, unlike some other presidents, was keenly conscious of the responsibilities of his position and realized the serious effects upon the economy of the nation—particularly on the stock market—of any utterance which might let the public know of his conviction that a crash was coming. Neither the president's own party nor the Democrats in Congress would take the steps he recommended. Even the president-elect refused to lift a finger to save the country early in 1933 when Mr. Hoover asked him to come to the White House. Earlier, Mr. Roosevelt had rejected the appeal of Mr. Hoover to use his authority as Governor of New York to place restrictions on the stock market.

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Mr. Lyons's book is a mere sketch, so rich has the life of Mr. Hoover been. As one reviewer put it, several volumes would be necessary to provide an adequate biography. I have time and again poked fun at the Horatio Alger myth; in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the Alger formula does not seem to work. The element of chance or luck seems to have had much to do with the careers of many "great" Americans. But Mr. Hoover's career is an exception. It follows the Alger pattern, from poverty to success by one's own efforts. He then gave up the chance for great wealth to devote his life to public service. He had no interest in earning extra dollars. Many Americans still do not know that he did not accept a dollar of his federal salary, paid employees out of his own pocket and time and again turned down lucrative business offers in order to devote himself to unpaid and sometimes thankless tasks that benefited his fellow man.

Mr. Hoover offered Americans no panaceas. He believed and, I am sure, still believes in self-reliance and community action based on the Christian teaching about loving one's neighbor. In this respect he is in accord with the principle of subsidiarity advocated by the Popes in their social encyclicals. If today, Americans turn more and more to the State to solve their problems for them, it means that something drastic has happened to the American community, to our pioneer heritage, to the spirit in which our democracy was born. It means that Americans are afraid that they cannot help themselves, that they have no confidence in local community action and that Christianity has become too weak to bring about the spontaneous sort of neighborly action required to meet the pressing problems of changing times. Reliance upon a central government has in all ages been a mark of weakness in a civilization and one of the notable milestones on that civilization's road to oblivion.

One of the signs of an over-centralized government is the proliferation of red tape and complex regulations. Mr. Hoover during his relief activities swept aside this maze of paper and got things done when, according to the rules, nothing could be done. How he cut through British and German red tape and got food to the Belgians in the first war but was unable to in the last war is only one of many interesting stories. Those familiar with Mr. Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia" do not need to be told that he is a first-rate writer.

Mr. Hoover is destined to go down in history as one of our greatest Americans. That this is not more fully realized by many Americans is due in large part to his very virtues themselves, his refusal to capture the headlines, hire press agents, advertise his accomplishments. He has always assumed the blame for the mistakes of his subordinates and unlike many men in public life he has never shifted the buck to someone under him. He has been even more loyal to those who worked for him than they have been to him. Lyons's book should make some American columnists crawl back into their holes.

WALTER JOHN MARX.

Search For a Soul. Phyllis Bottome. Reynal-Harcourt. $3.50.

READING "Search For a Soul" constitutes an experience of reflection.

"Childhood is the workshop of the soul," remarks Miss Bottome. It is in childhood that we make "our first choice of a self," and "unless we learn how to unmask this early choice and so find out what is the direction we have chosen to follow, we shall not be able to change it." "Search For a Soul" is a personal attempt to ravel up the skeins that lead to discovery of the basic personality and its first reactions to family patterns, and to discover how these reactions set the stage for our outlook on life in later years. She says "I have tried in this fragment of autobiography to write the truth about my own early and mistaken choice of character as well as to portray the influences which no doubt strengthened my choice."

Phyllis Bottome, whose "The Mortal Storm" is referred to all the time in conversations, had an educated and ecclesiastical background, her environment constantly changing with the different positions her father, who was a curate, undertook. Wherever the family went they enjoyed the prestige that their well-beloved father commanded, but they had no special or unusual adventures beyond that of school, play and growing up. Without brashness, but without reticence she recounts her life from earliest nursery memories to her 18th year. She does not go beyond this for "after adolescence we enter a new region of living where we cease to be an object with whom life is still at play, and become subjects playing upon life. When we take a hand in this final game we no longer want to show it to the other players."

It is her honesty and choice of pertinent detail that makes this exceedingly literary autobiography so fascinating. We feel again the awful trepidations, wonderful excitements, golden happinesses and soul-shaking awakenings of childhood. No novel could be as exciting or as rewarding to read. The account of the relationship between her mother and father, and the drama of conflict which unfolded as the children began to realize their own individualities, is as gripping and informative a piece of insight and objectivity as one might hope to come across.

Considering the work from the literary angle one can only say that the author gives a vibrant, unusually exact portrayal of her family and home life here and in England. Her psychological insight plus her clarity and ease of style carries one on and on, so that the chapters slip past almost too quickly for the reader to gather all the fruits of reflection.

This is probably just as well, for the real reward of this book can only be reaped by Miss Bottome. The liberation which is to be realized upon understanding and grasp of the early self cannot be attained by reading. It is true that all may benefit from the humorous, graceful and truthful attitude she reveals, which implies, of course, that the element of self-pity, that most easily disguised sin, is lacking. The reader, influenced by such a spirit, is not enticed into unreal phantasies of what-might-have been. In this lies the real secret of the book's quality and power.

VIRGINIA BENNETT.

A Man Called White. Walter White. Viking. $3.75. *Booker T. Washington. Basil Matthews. Harvard University Press.* $4.75.

RECENTLY the distinguished Southern writer, William Faulkner, in his novel, *Intruder Into Dust,* ventured to intrude the editorial opinion at some length that the North had no business in meddling in the affairs of the South, and that the South would, in its own good time, settle the vexing Negro problem. In the meantime, we are left to assume that Ku Kluxers and their fellow travelers, unhindered, might be allowed to

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indulge in a bit of innocent sport, which forms the theme of Walter White's interesting book, a record of man's inhumanity to man and of courageous efforts to combat it. It is certain that the best minds of the South see eye to eye with those of the North, but obviously a Southerner, living as he does in the very midst of the trouble, must needs be even more courageous than the Northerner in combating an evil scarcely less wicked than the slavery which preceded it. "I tremble for my country when I think of the Negro and remember that God is just," said Thomas Jefferson early in the nineteenth century. He, of course, referred to slavery. But the Negro's lot today still cries for redress. How is to be resolved the decades-old "cold war" which has followed on the heels of the Civil War?

The people most concerned, the Negroes themselves, are, quite properly, not letting the grass grow under their feet. Perhaps the most active of their champions is Walter White who, in *A Man Called White,* presents the record of the organization to which he has devoted his life, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The easier way would have been for White to "pass" as many others of his race, who have been able to do so, have done. Of the nine members of his family—mother, father, five sisters, an older brother, George, and himself—all were sufficiently light-skinned to cross the barrier which separated white from black. Of himself White says: "My skin is white, my eyes are blue, my hair is blond. The traits of my race are nowhere visible upon me." Indeed, on the very first page of his narrative he tells the story about a fellow Negro he happened to have inadvertently jostled in the subway and to have provoked the resentful remark: "Why don't you look where you're going? You white folks are always trampling on colored people." But when he overheard White and a friend converse, he suddenly realized the truth and burst forth in an apology: "Are you Walter White of the NAACP? I'm sorry I spoke to you that way. I thought you were white."

Early in life White had the opportunity to learn what he was. This was while still a boy of thirteen when his father's house was attacked by a band of whites who had gone berserk among the Negroes—this was in Atlanta, Georgia—and he escaped death by the narrowest margin. It was then that a sudden awareness came upon him: "I knew then who I was. I was a Negro, a human being with an invisible pigmentation which marked me a person to be hunted, hanged, abused, discriminated against, kept in poverty and ignorance. . . . A curse like that of Judas was upon us, a mark of degradation fashioned with heavenly authority."

White received a Christian education. When he had the choice of sticking to a local job which promised relative security and coming North to work for the NAACP, then a small organization which promised small pay and possibly no future, his father urged him to accept it. "It is your duty," he said, "to pass on what you have been given by helping others less fortunate. . . . Remember always, God will be using your heart and brains to do His will." In New York, he soon found friends and the work he was cut out for. He also discovered that he had charity for the white man. There was the example of James Weldon Johnson who, addressing a mass-meeting, seemed as much concerned about white people as about the colored. Later he heard Johnson tell a vast

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Next Week

INDUSTRY COUNCIL PLAN, by John Brophy, director of CIO industrial union councils, deals with the highly controverted Murray Plan which came into prominence during the war. The CIO wants to expand this method of planning production during peacetime as well. The contention is that "the critical decisions of big business . . . should be brought under the democratic direction of the industrial workers through their unions, and the people of the country as a whole through their Government. . . ."

OF SOIL AND MEN, by Emerson Hynes: a survey of recent American agrarian literature with special attention to William Vogt and the neo-Malthusians who are making much of the impending pressures on the world's available food resources. An important note for all who are concerned over the need for conservation.

PATHOS AND PATTERN, by Vincent Sheean, tells of the young Negro soprano, Camilla Williams; of Puccini and his art; and the difficulties in general of conveying pathos effectively in music and in literature.

Also the Labor Movement, the stage and screen and books and comment of the week.

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audience in Carnegie Hall that "the race problem in the United States had resolved itself into a question of saving black men's bodies and white men's souls."

The job he had undertaken, that of improving the lot of his people, was no cynosure. And on one occasion at least—this was in 1919, a year of race riots in Washington, Chicago, Omaha, Philadelphia, etc.—he narrowly escaped lynching in Arkansas, where he risked going on a mission of inquiry, relying on his ability to pass as white. Somehow, his identity was discovered, and a Negro warned him of plans afoot to dispatch him in the customary manner. In the chapter, "I Decline to Be Lynched," he conveys with marked realism the mood of the hunted Negro when the human pack is after him.

But this is more than a personal narrative. It is, in fact, a history of the activities of the NAACP, in which White has had a major share. One of the more interesting chapters deals with the Scottsboro case. It seems that the Communists, with their usual flair for capitalizing on the misfortunes of others, attempted and did take over the defence of the case, from which they ejected the NAACP, but inevitably with such lamentable results that the NAACP was implored to re-enter it. Even then, the Communists did not lose interest, and over and over again, in world-wide publicity, they called attention to the miserable failure of the legal processes and the pall of prejudice which hangs eternally over a case of this character as evidence of "capitalist society decadence." This book is an eloquent record, and should be read by all interested in inter-racial problems.

Chronologically, the life-story of Booker T. Washington precedes that of Walter White. He was, in a manner of speaking, the forerunner of the men and women who are doing so much today, with some success, to improve the lot of the colored people. Risen from slavery, he was almost the first Negro to demonstrate not merely the fact that a Negro is a human being, but also that he is capable of greatness and of unusual gifts. This, to be sure, was demonstrated over a century ago by Toussaint L'Ouverture, who headed the Republic of San Domingo and its armies, who had white men work for him and look up to him as a leader, until he was done in by the treachery of Napoleon; but will anything but a good religious and moral education ever banish from white heads the idea that the poorest sort of "white trash" is better than a great and gifted Negro, let alone admit that a good Negro even of the humble variety is better than a white man bent on evil?

The story of Booker T. Washington, and of his work at Tuskegee Institute, which he helped to found, is too well-known to go into here at length. It is perhaps sufficient to say that Basil Matthews, the author of the new biography, has sought out much new material, and has reconstructed a life of a great man well worth claiming the attention of the lover of biography, whether he be interested in the Negro problem or not.

JOHN COURNOS.

Art and Action. Tenth Anniversary Issue of Twice a Year. Twice a Year Press. $4.75.

DESPITE its title, "Twice a Year" has appeared ten times in ten years. Its tenth anniversary issue, titled "Art and Action," is frankly a book, solidly bound in boards and cloth, rather than an oversize magazine.

In her brief introductory note, Dorothy Norman, the

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editor-publisher, calls attention to the parallel between the time when the first issue appeared (autumn of 1938; but the issue went to press before Munich) and the present date: "substitute Czechoslovakia for Munich." She finds that she could now write virtually the same words about the content and intent: briefly, "a clarification of those problems relating to man's struggle to attain a balance between the good of the individual and that of society"; opposition to all political dictatorship and affirmation of the democratic method of government—whether it involves the spirit of John Brown or the Tolstoyan tradition of non-resistance; a wish to remain free of all restricting formulae; a policy of publishing new work, reprinting material that is out of print or inaccessible, and translating work unavailable in English.

This particular issue, as its title suggests, is intended "to re-emphasize our belief that art without action in its image is as valueless as mere action that is performed without mirroring the feeling embodied in art." And yet "although obviously our most urgent task must be to build *one world*—on the peaceful and democratic basis—the achievement of clarity at the personal level is also an equally enduring necessity."

This is a welcomely flexible program in these days of sharp separation between art-for-action and art-for-form. The emphasis in this volume is definitely on the former: the first four authors advertised on the jacket are Malraux, Camus, Sartre, De Beauvoir—the last two Existentialists, committed to the principle of the "engaged" artist, with Camus near them in that, and the first actively involved in politics as De Gaulle's spokesman. There is, too, the usual long section devoted to Civil Liberties, a section of Political Documents, and a section on India. But the magnificently reproduced photographs show Stieglitz, Marin, Lachaise and his wife and several of his works; also a good proportion of the selections are concerned with the functioning of the artist, rather than with his function.

It's a thick book: 583 pages, of which the last, documentary, 200 are in small type. It is guilty now of political naïveté; now (as in the essay on Dos Passos) of the confusion of subhuman determinism with objectivity; or again (as in portions of the selections from that fine artist, Marin) of sheer twaddle. It seems to me that the value of this book, as of its predecessors, is primarily documentary; its assemblage of original, never-before-published literary, political, aesthetic, autobiographical documents, whose worth can be assayed only by the interests and proclivities of the reader—but all offering subject for thought or disputation along the lines laid down in the editor's statement.

DAVID BURNHAM.

The Story of Induraja. Hilda Wernher. Doubleday. $2.75.

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